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NO. 76

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THE HUMAN TORCH



TORCH AND TORO REACH A NEW HIGH IN HECTIC
SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURE WHEN THEY MATCH
WITS WITH ---

"The QUEEN of CRIME!"

WE INTERRUPT OUR SCHEDULED PROGRAM TO BRING A SENSATIONAL FLASH-TORCH AND TORO HAVE FINALLY TRAPPED THE QUEEN OF CRIME AND TOGETHER WITH THE POLICE ARE BATTLING HER MURDER MOB IN THE VAULTS OF THE NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY DOWNTOWN...



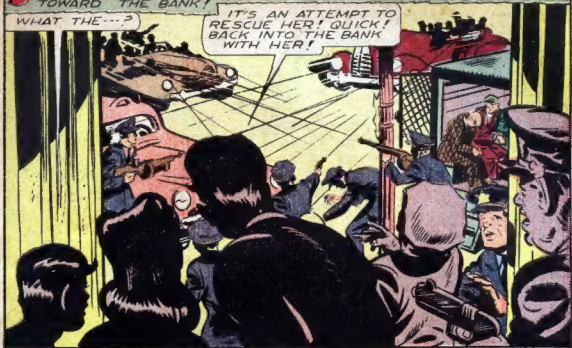
GOOD WORK, TORO! SHE'S
PLENTY TRICKY! HOLD HER
WHILE WE FINISH OFF
HER HOODS!



SUDDENLY THE CAPTIVE'S BOAST IS CLARIFIED WHEN TWO CARS LOADED WITH WILD SHOOTING THUGS, THUNDER TOWARD THE BANK!

WHAT THE---?

IT'S AN ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HER! QUICK! BACK INTO THE BANK WITH HER!



WAVERING POLICE QUICKLY RALLY AFTER THE INITIAL SURPRISE AND POUR DOWN A MERCILESS FIRE INTO THE RANKS OF THE RESCUERS, CUTTING THEM DOWN ALMOST TO A MAN!

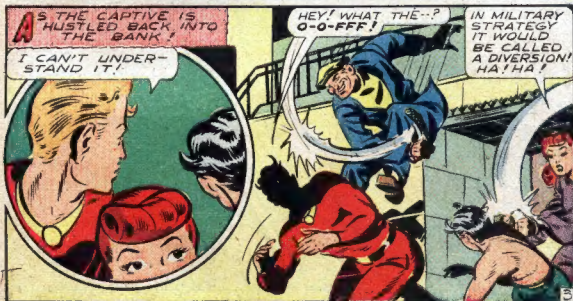


AS THE CAPTIVE IS HUSTLED BACK INTO THE BANK!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

HEY! WHAT THE--? O-O-FFF!

IN MILITARY STRATEGY IT WOULD BE CALLED A DIVERSION! HA! HA!

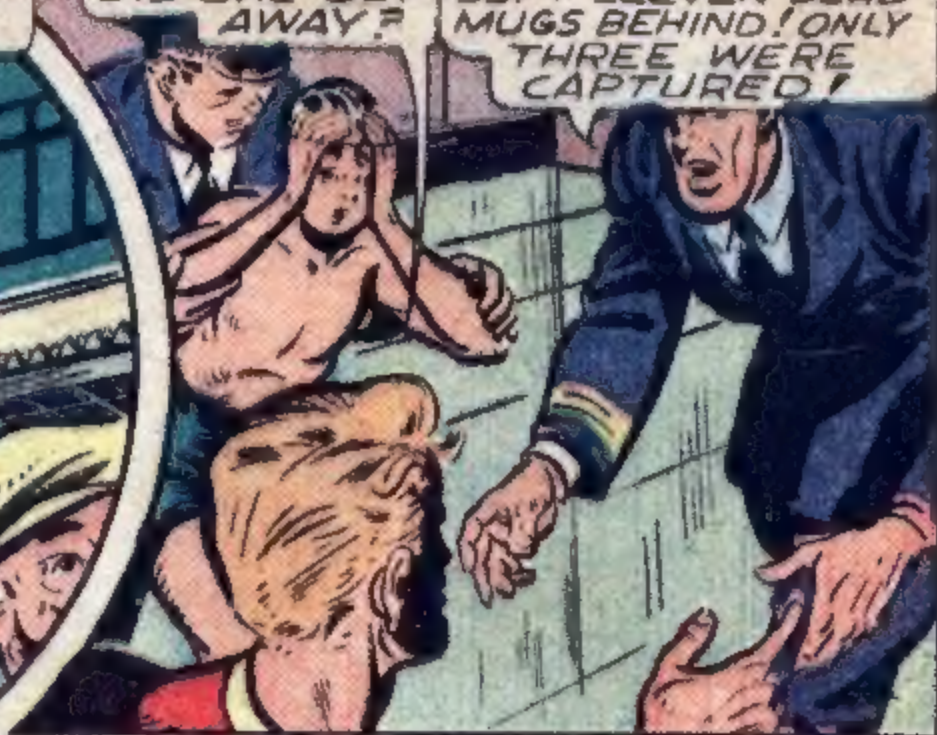


MY BOYS DIVERT THE POLICE, DRAWING YOUR ATTENTION FROM THE ATTACK OF MY MAN HIDDEN IN THE BANK! 'BYE FOR NOW, TORCH! SEE YOU SOON! HA-HA-HA!

MOMENTS LATER, A CHAGRINED TORCH IS REVIVED!

DID SHE GET AWAY?

YEP! AND LEFT ELEVEN DEAD MUGS BEHIND! ONLY THREE WERE CAPTURED!



TORCH IS MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO BRING THE ELUSIVE QUEEN OF CRIME TO JUSTICE! HE QUESTIONS THE CAPTURED SURVIVORS OF THE SUICIDAL MOBSTERS ON THE SPOT!

ME RAT ON DE BOSS? YER BALMY! (SIGH) I'D NEVER DO ANY-THING TA HOIT HER! (SIGH) SHE'S WONDERFUL!



NEITHER THREATS NOR PROMISES AVAIL! THE ONLY RESPONSE BEING A MIXTURE OF SULLEN DEFIANCE AND THE MOANING SIGHS OF LOVE-SICK MEN!

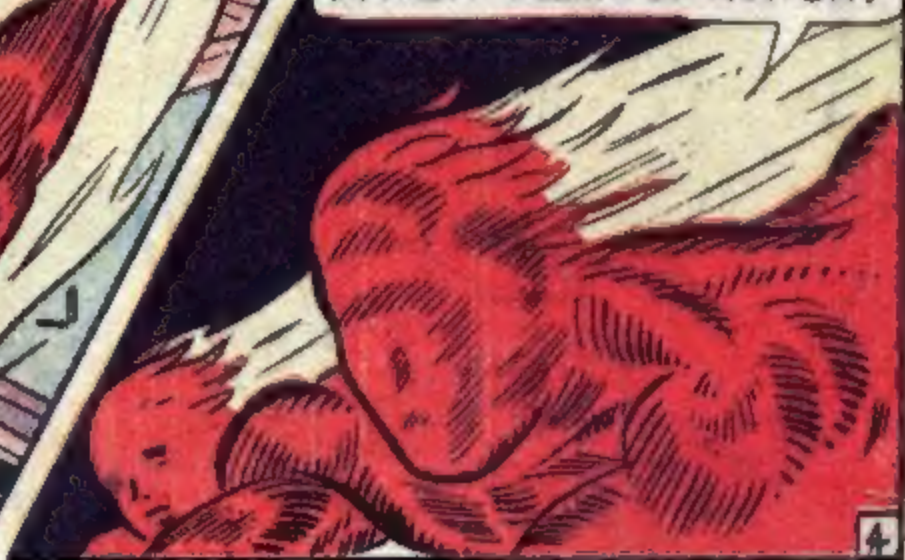
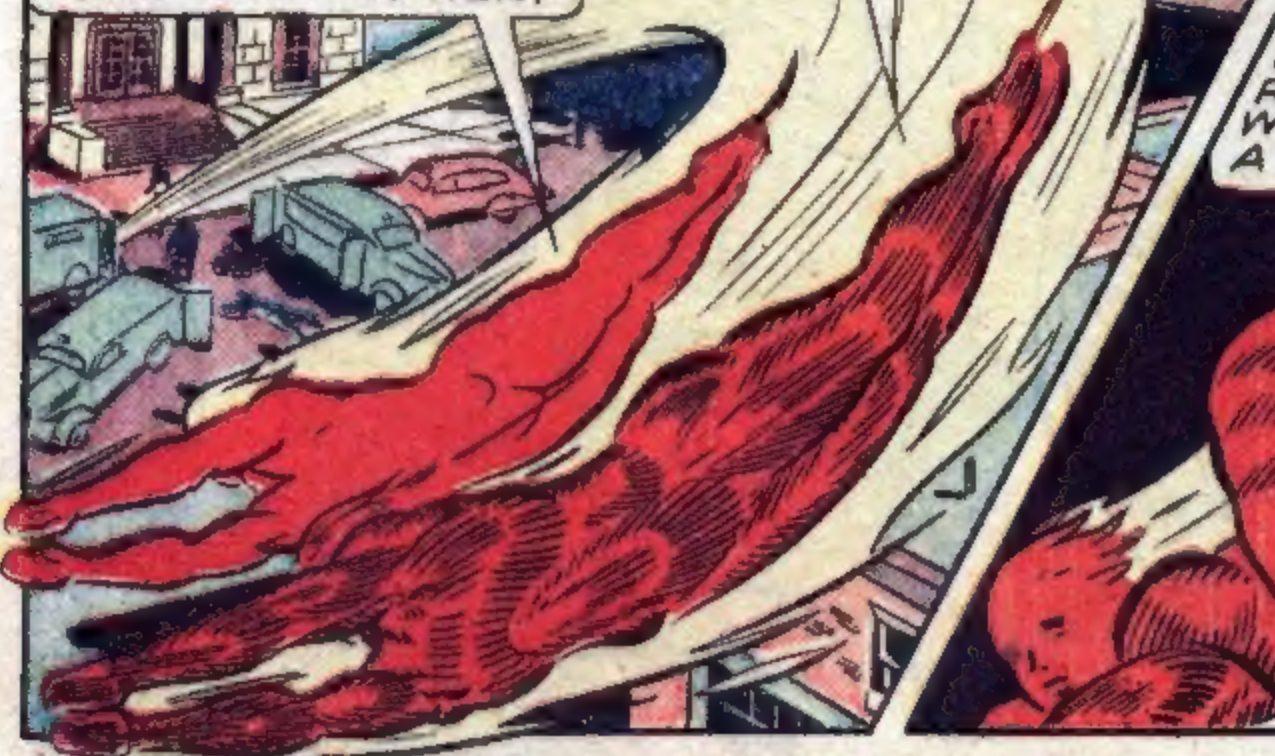
YOU'RE CRAZY TO THINK WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE SHE IS (SIGH)!



I SAW IT BUT STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT! THOSE MUGS ARE IN LOVE WITH HER!

RIGHT! AND SO IS EVERY ONE OF HER CRIMINAL ARMY!

AND EACH READY TO DIE FOR HER! CATCHING HER WILL BE A REAL PROBLEM! OH WELL! LET'S GET SOME REST AND THEN WE'LL TRY TO FIGURE A NEW PLAN OF ACTION!



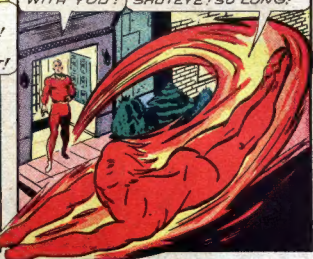
THE VESTIBULE OF TORCH'S APARTMENT HOUSE!

MAIL? ANYTHING FOR ME?

NO, JUST A NOTE FROM JIMMY WINTERS! SAYS HE MUST SEE ME RIGHT AWAY, IMPORTANT!

MAYBE I'D BETTER GO WITH YOU!

I'LL CALL IF I NEED YOU! YOU GET SOME SHUTEYE! SO LONG!



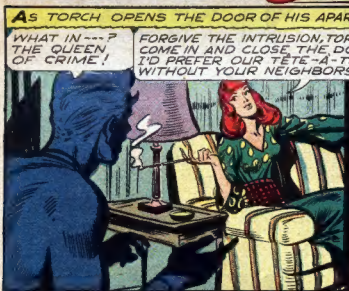
AS TORCH OPENS THE DOOR OF HIS APARTMENT!

WHAT IN---? THE QUEEN OF CRIME!

FORGIVE THE INTRUSION, TORCH! COME IN AND CLOSE THE DOOR! I'D PREFER OUR TÊTE-A-TÊTE WITHOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS!

NO NEED TO SEARCH! WE ARE QUITE ALONE!

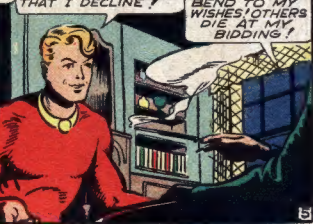
YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO MAKE PRETTY SPEECHES!



CORRECT! I CAME TO OFFER YOU A PROPOSITION TO JOIN FORCES WITH ME! TOGETHER WE CAN RULE A CRIMINAL EMPIRE AS KING AND QUEEN! ITS SENSELESS FOR US TO BE OPPONENTS!

I AM FLATTERED AT YOUR PROPOSAL, MADAME! IT IS WITH HUMBLE GRATITUDE AND UTMOST REGRET THAT I DECLINE!

YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE THAT I COULD NOT BEND TO MY WISHES! OTHERS DIE AT MY BIDDING!



YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL!
I ADMIT IT IS AN
EFFORT TO RESIST
YOUR MAGNETIC
CHARM!

WELL SPOKEN
AND TOUCHINGLY
POETIC, TORCH!
(SIGH) I FORGOT,
THERE IS NO
ALTERNATIVE!
YOU MUST ACCEPT!

WHAT'S TO
PREVENT ME
FROM TURNING
YOU OVER TO
THE POLICE?

THE PHONE
FOR ONE THING!
HA-HA! PERFECT
TIMING! I WAS
WONDERING WHAT
DELAYED THE
CALL!



TORO?

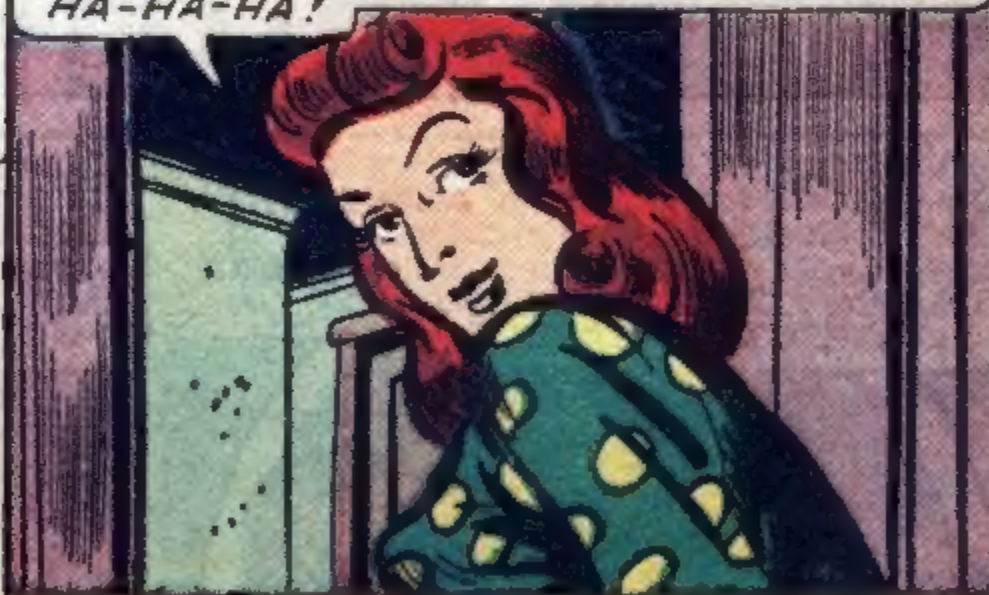
THE NOTE WAS
A TRAP! I WAS
SNATCHED BY THE
GIRL'S MOB! I
STILL CAN'T GET
OVER THEIR ALLOW-
ING ME TO CALL
YOU! GOSH! I'M
GLAD THEY DIDN'T
GET YOU! ---
(CLICK)



SO THAT'S
WHY YOU
FELT SAFE?

YOU SEE, I'M NOT
SUCH A FOOL!
YOU HAVE TWELVE
HOURS TO ACCEPT
OR TORO DIES!
MY ADDRESS
AND INSTRUCTIONS
ARE ON YOUR
TELEPHONE PAD!

'BYE FOR NOW, TORCH! OH-AND YES!
YOU WON'T BE SO STUPID AS TO
DIVULGE MY WHEREABOUTS TO THE
POLICE! POOR TORO MIGHT OBJECT!
HA-HA-HA!



THE NEXT HOURS FOR TORCH ARE A
NIGHTMARE OF FRENZIED CONCERN
FOR TORO, VYING WITH HIS ACHING
BRAIN, FRUITLESSLY CHURNING FOR
A WAY OUT OF THE DIABOLIC
DILEMMA CONCEIVED BY THE
QUEEN OF CRIME! THEN, AS
THE FINAL HOUR DRAWS NEAR...
AND STILL NO SOLUTION...

TORCH'S FLAMING FIGURE ZOOMS TOWARD THE ADDRESS LEFT ON THE TELEPHONE PAD!

(GROAN) NO USE! CAN'T THINK OF A PLAN! I'LL MAKE IT APPEAR AS THOUGH I ACCEPT AND ONCE INSIDE I'LL TRY TO FIGURE SOME ANGLE!

HER INSTRUCTIONS ARE FOR ME TO ENTER BY THE FRONT DOOR! (GULP) HERE GOES! HOPE NOTHING HAPPENED TO TORO!

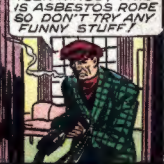


THIS WAY, SIR! YOU ARE EXPECTED!

WHAT A QUEER SET-UP! EVERYTHING APPEARS LEGITIMATE!

OH-OH! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

GET YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOU! BOSS'S ORDERS ARE TO CLIP YOUR WINGS! THIS IS ASBESTOS ROPE SO DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF!

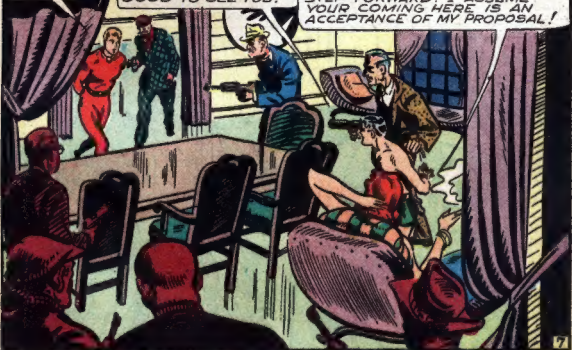


A GLAD CRY OF RELIEF ESCAPES THE TWO COMPANIONS IN ADVENTURE AS TORCH IS LED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN OF CRIME IN HER STRANGE SETTING THAT IS HALF THRONE AND HALF CONFERENCE CHAMBER!

TORO!

TORCH! BOY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

WELCOME, TORCH! YOU MAY STEP FORWARD! I ASSUME YOUR COMING HERE IS AN ACCEPTANCE OF MY PROPOSAL!



I SURRENDER TO A MORE WORTHY OPPONENT!

GOOD! WE'LL GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS! MY LIEUTENANTS WILL GO OVER THE PLANS WITH YOU OF A JOB I OUTLINED FOR YOUR INITIAL TASK!



AFTER A SWIFT GLANCE AT THE PLANS, TORCH TURNS TO THE LEADER!

TORCH SILENTLY SIGNALS TORO, SETTING THE AMAZED YOUNGSTER'S MIND AT EASE!

I'LL CONSIDER ANY SUGGESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE! BUT I KNOW MY PLAN IS FOOLPROOF!

SURRENDER? JOB? SUGGESTIONS? (GROAN) I'M DREAMING! TORCH WOULD NEVER---!

WHEW! AN ARMORED CAR JOB, EH? QUITE AN AMBITIOUS UNDERTAKING! NOW THAT WE ARE PARTNERS, HOW ABOUT FREEING US OF THESE ROPES?



OF COURSE! UNTIE TORCH, BOYS! BUT NOT TORO! WE'LL KEEP THE BRAT ON ICE FOR A WHILE! AS A SORT OF HOSTAGE FOR TORCH'S GOOD CONDUCT!

SHE DIDN'T FALL FOR MY ARGUMENT TO FREE TORO! I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE! HERE GOES!

SPLIT SECONDS LATER, TORO RESPONDS TO TORCH'S SIGNAL!

WONDER HOW TORCH EXPECTS ME TO DO ANYTHING WITH MY HANDS TIED? BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS! UP WE GO!

YOW-OUCH!



SIMULTANEOUSLY, TORCH FLAMES INTO ACTION, SHOUTING ORDERS TO THE HANDICAPPED TORO!

KEEP MOVING FAST, TORO!
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A WINK!

SHOOT!
USE THE
GAS GUNS,
YOU
IDIOTS!

WITH MIRACULOUS SPEED AND PRECISION, TWO FLAMING BODIES ZOOM LIKE ONE, WHILE TORCH'S FINGERS TEAR FREE THE ROPES BINDING HIS PAL!

YAHOO! I'M FREE!
LET'S GET BUSY
TOASTING THESE
CRUMBS!

NEVER MIND THEM! THE
QUEEN OF CRIME IS
GETTING AWAY! AFTER HER!

TORO FLAMES AFTER
TORCH THROUGH A DOORWAY
IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING
LEADER!

OW-O-O-F-F-F!

TORCH!
(GROAN)
HE WAS
STOPPED
DEAD BY
THAT
DOOR!

MOMENTS LATER!

GOSH! I'M GLAD YOU'RE O.K.! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LEADER?

SHE WENT THROUGH THIS DOOR! I FIGURED TO BURN THROUGH AND GRAB HER! O-O-O-O! MY HEAD! WONDER WHAT THE WALLS ARE PADDED WITH?

SUDDENLY A TAUNTING LAUGH ECHOES CRAZILY IN THE NARROW PADDED CONFINES!

HA-HAHHA! I'LL TELL YOU! THICK LAYERS OF ASBESTOS PLASTER, TORCH! I PREPARED YOUR LITTLE DEATH NEST IN THE EVENT YOU TRIED TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME!



AS TORCH FLAMES TOWARD THE TAUNTING VOICE, THE LEADER YANKS A LEVER, AND---

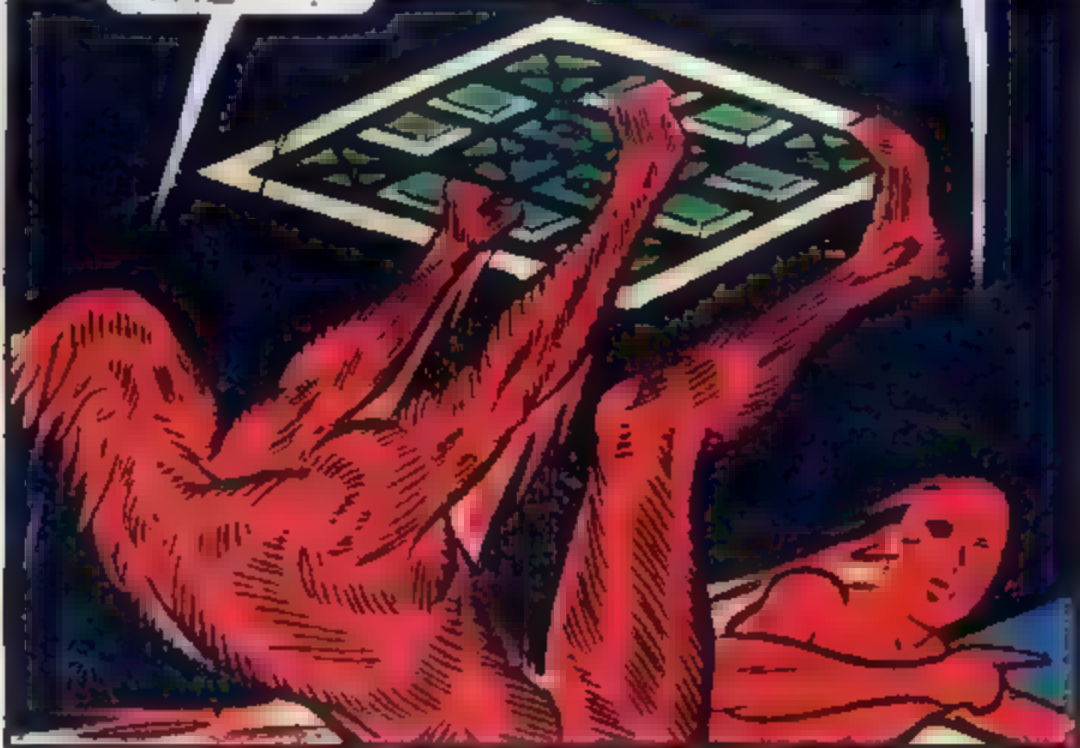
YOU SHE-DEVIL!

NO USE TRYING TO BURN THROUGH THIS VENTILATOR, TORCH! IT'S FORGED OF ASBESTOS-TREATED MAGNESIUM! HA-HA! YOU'RE TRAPPED!

SUDDENLY A GRINDING AND CLASHING OF GEARS ARE HEARD FROM BEHIND TWO OF THE FOUR PADDED WALLS!

SHE'S RIGHT! CAN'T BURN THROUGH THE VENTILATOR! WHAT THE---?

TORCH! LOOK! THE WALLS ARE MOVING IN!



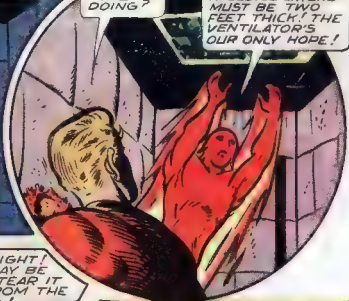
HA-HA! EVEN YOUR GREAT STRENGTH WON'T STOP IT, TORCH! GOOD-BYE! I'M OFF TO CARRY OUT THAT ARMORED JOB! WHEN I GET BACK, YOU'LL BOTH BE A MASS OF CRUSHED FLESH AND BONE! HA-HA-HA!



WE MUST MAKE THE MOST OF THESE
PRECIOUS MOMENTS! COME ON,
GET BUSY!

TORO!
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING?

WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT! THE
ASBESTOS LAYERS
MUST BE TWO
FEET THICK! THE
VENTILATOR'S
OUR ONLY HOPE!



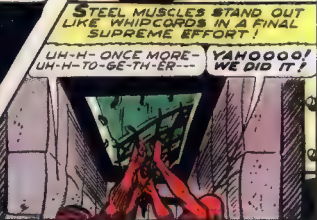
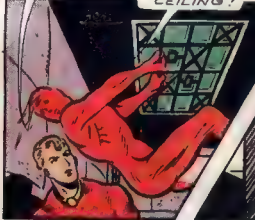
NO USE, TORO!
WE TRIED
BURNING THROUGH
THAT!

UH-H- RIGHT!
BUT WE MAY BE
ABLE TO TEAR IT
LOOSE FROM THE
CEILING!

STEEL MUSCLES STAND OUT
LIKE WHIPCORDS IN A FINAL
SUPREME EFFORT!

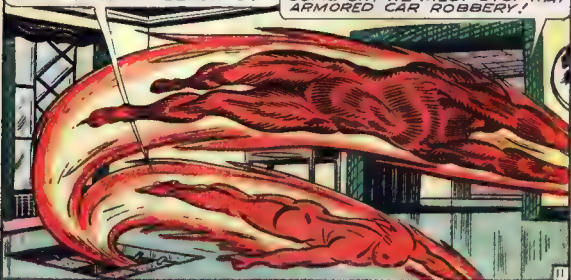
UH-H- ONCE MORE--
UH-H-TO-GE-TH-ER--

YAHOOOO!
WE DID IT!



WHEW! THOSE WALLS'LL KISS
EACH OTHER IN SECONDS!

THAT WAS FAST THINKING!
COME ON! WE MUST STOP THAT
ARMORED CAR ROBBERY!



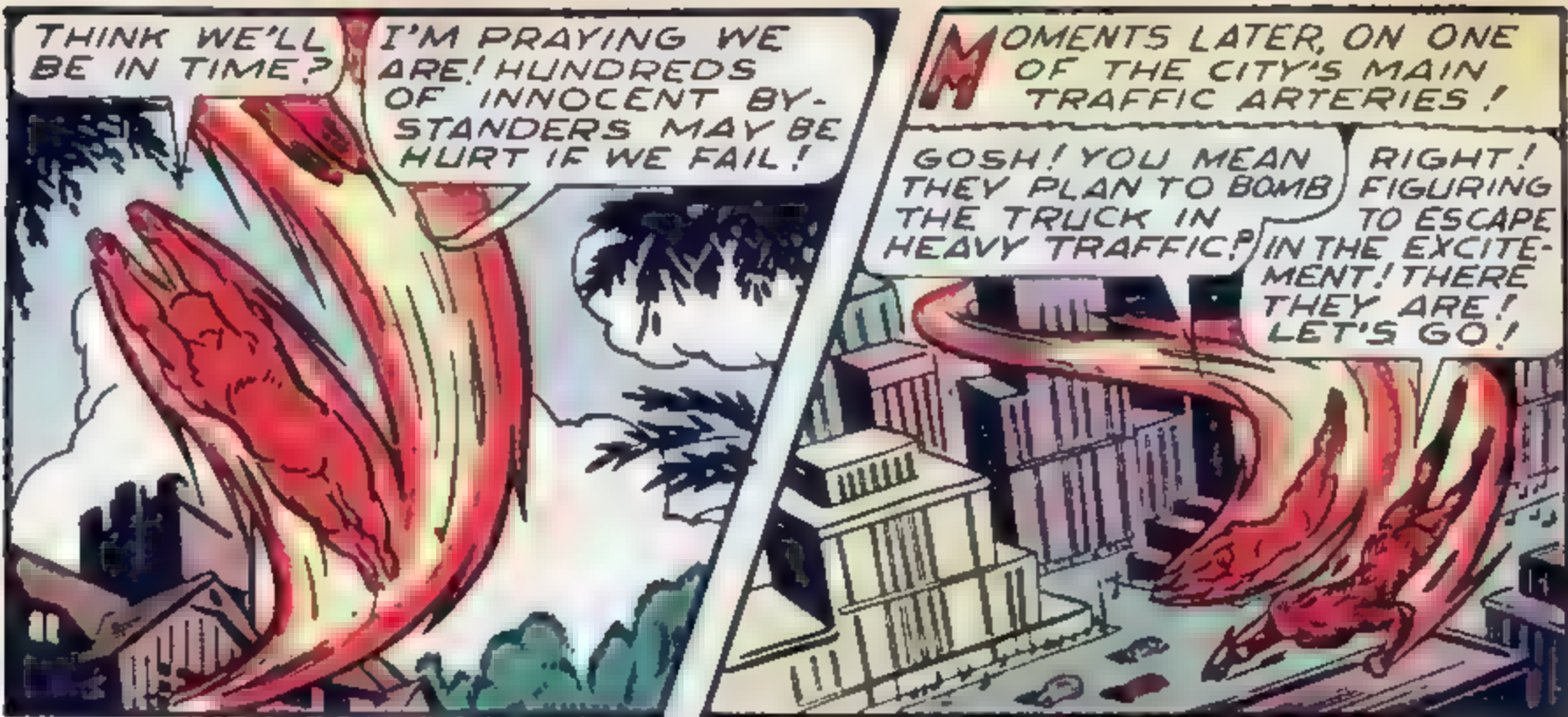
THINK WE'LL BE IN TIME?

I'M PRAYING WE ARE! HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT BY-STANDERS MAY BE HURT IF WE FAIL!

MOMENTS LATER, ON ONE OF THE CITY'S MAIN TRAFFIC ARTERIES!

GOSH! YOU MEAN THEY PLAN TO BOMB THE TRUCK IN HEAVY TRAFFIC?

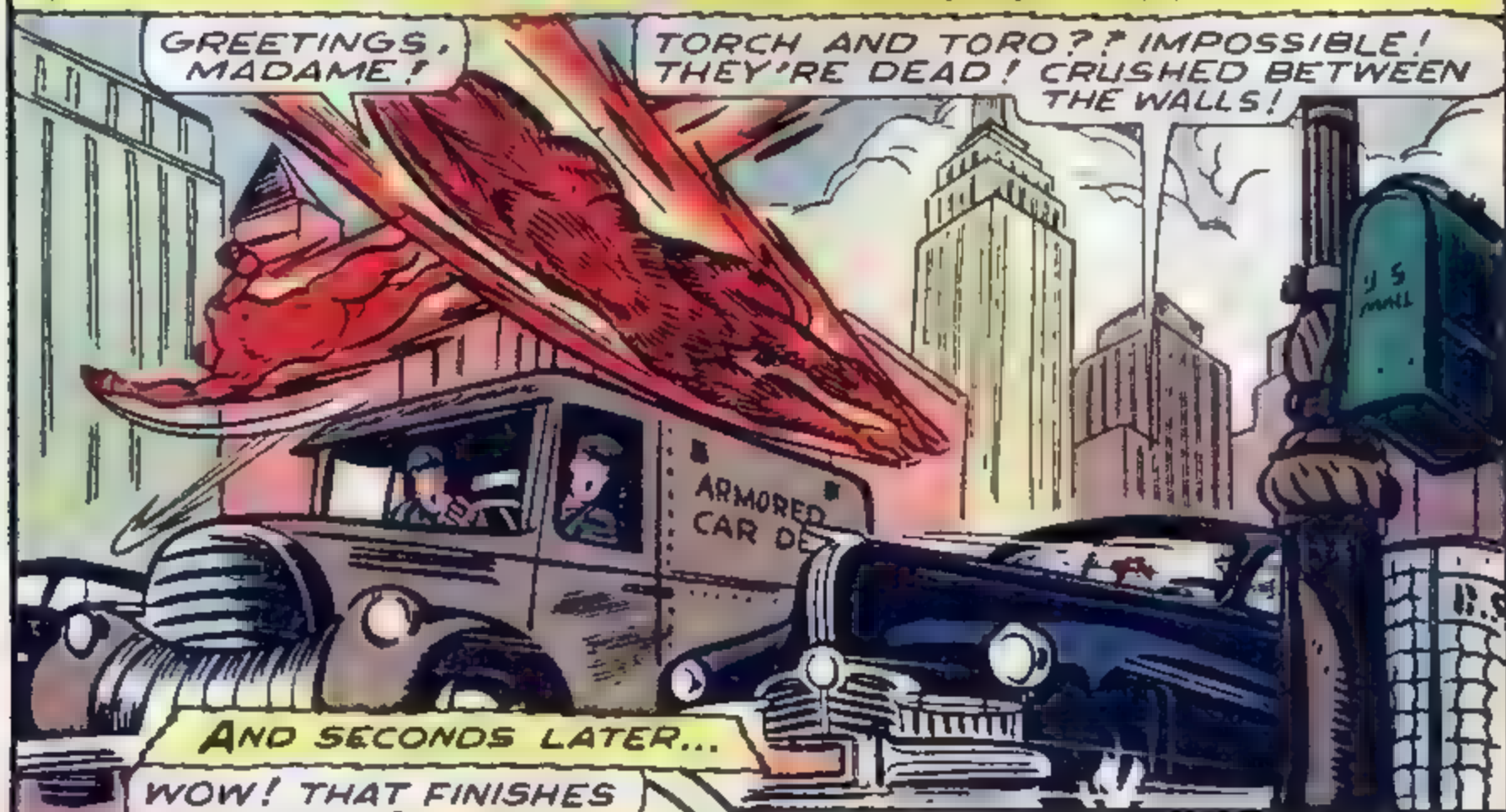
RIGHT! FIGURING TO ESCAPE IN THE EXCITEMENT! THERE THEY ARE! LET'S GO!



JUST AS THE QUEEN OF CRIME AND HER MOBSTERS ARE ABOUT TO BOMB THE ARMORED CAR ---

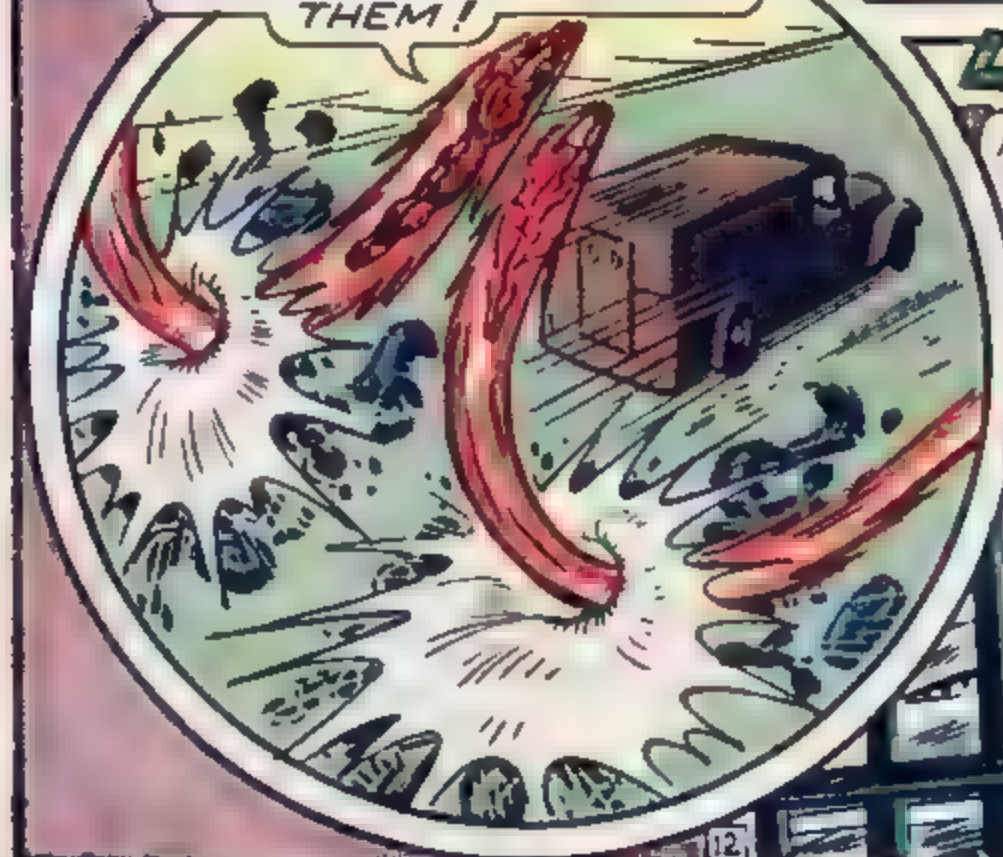
GREETINGS, MADAME!

TORCH AND TORO?? IMPOSSIBLE! THEY'RE DEAD! CRUSHED BETWEEN THE WALLS!



AND SECONDS LATER...

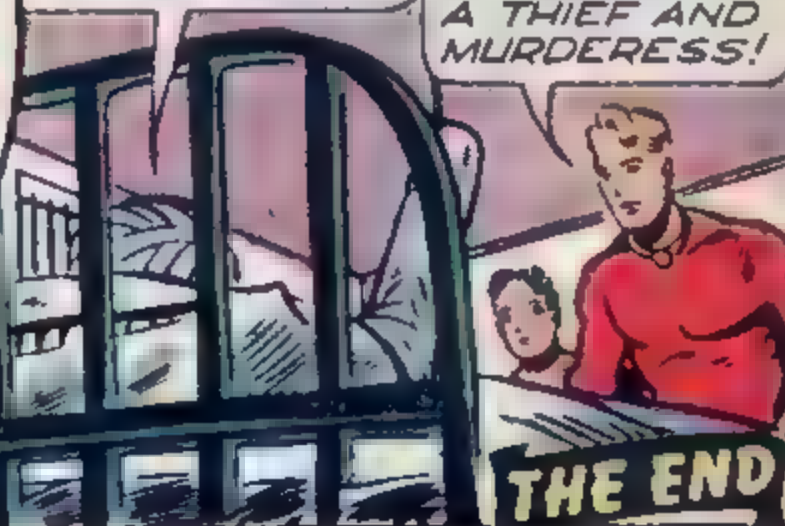
WOW! THAT FINISHES THEM!



LATER, IN A PRISON HOSPITAL!

NICE OF YOU TO PAY A LADY A VISIT, TORCH! MY COMPLIMENTS! SCORE ANOTHER ROUND FOR YOU!

IT ISN'T JUST ANOTHER ROUND, BUT THE FINAL ROUND IN YOUR CAREER AS A THIEF AND MURDERESS!



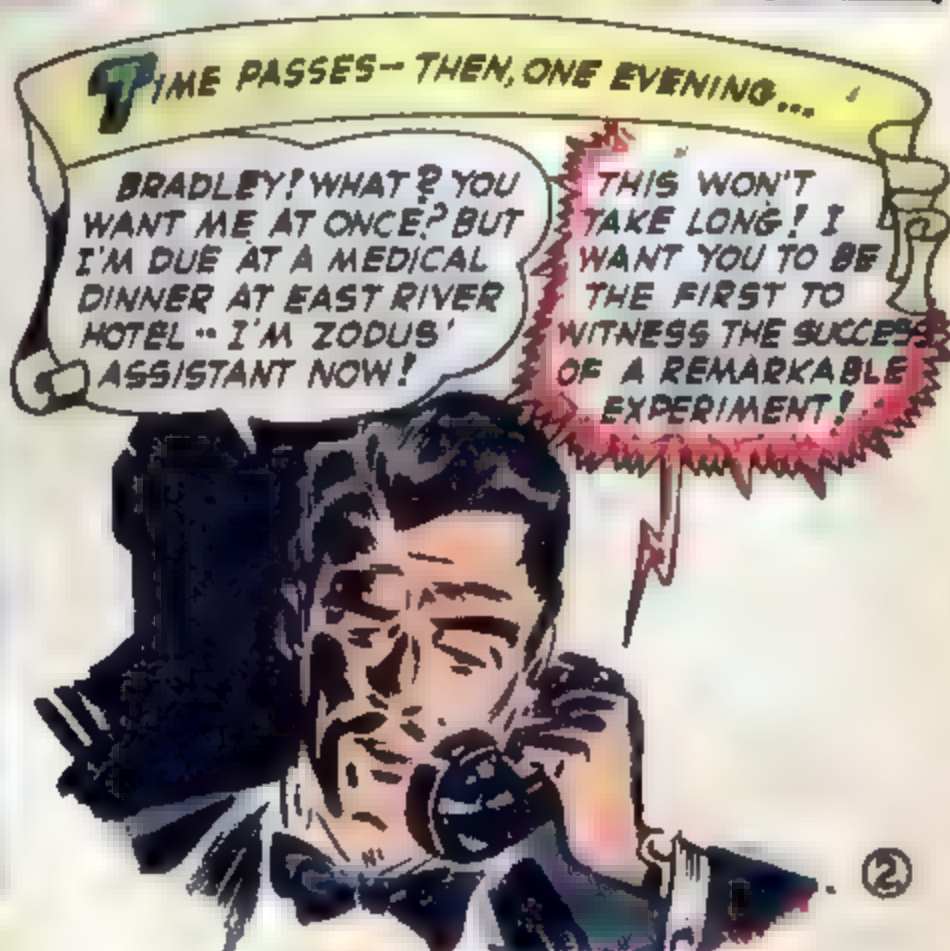
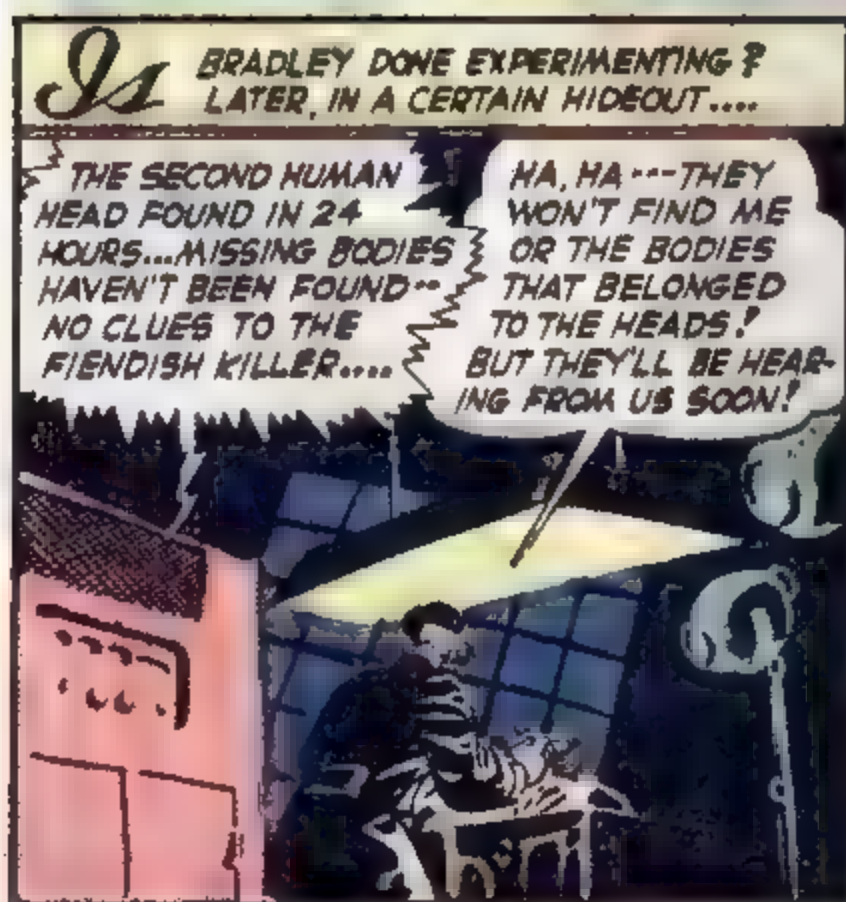
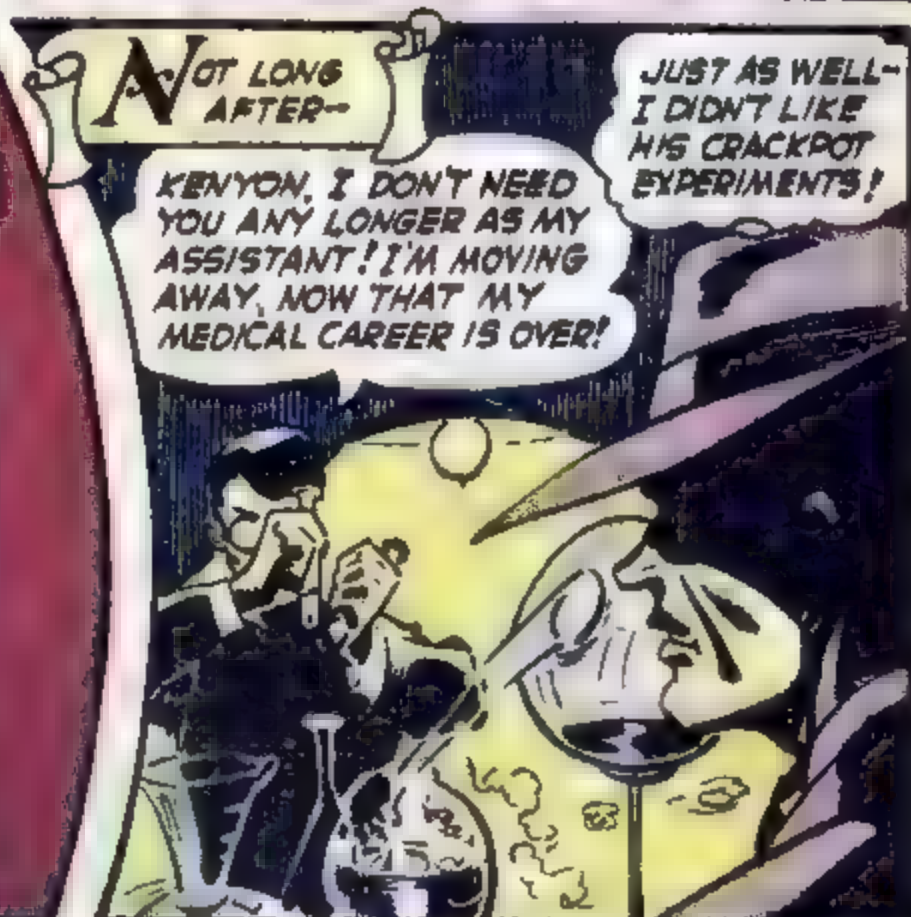
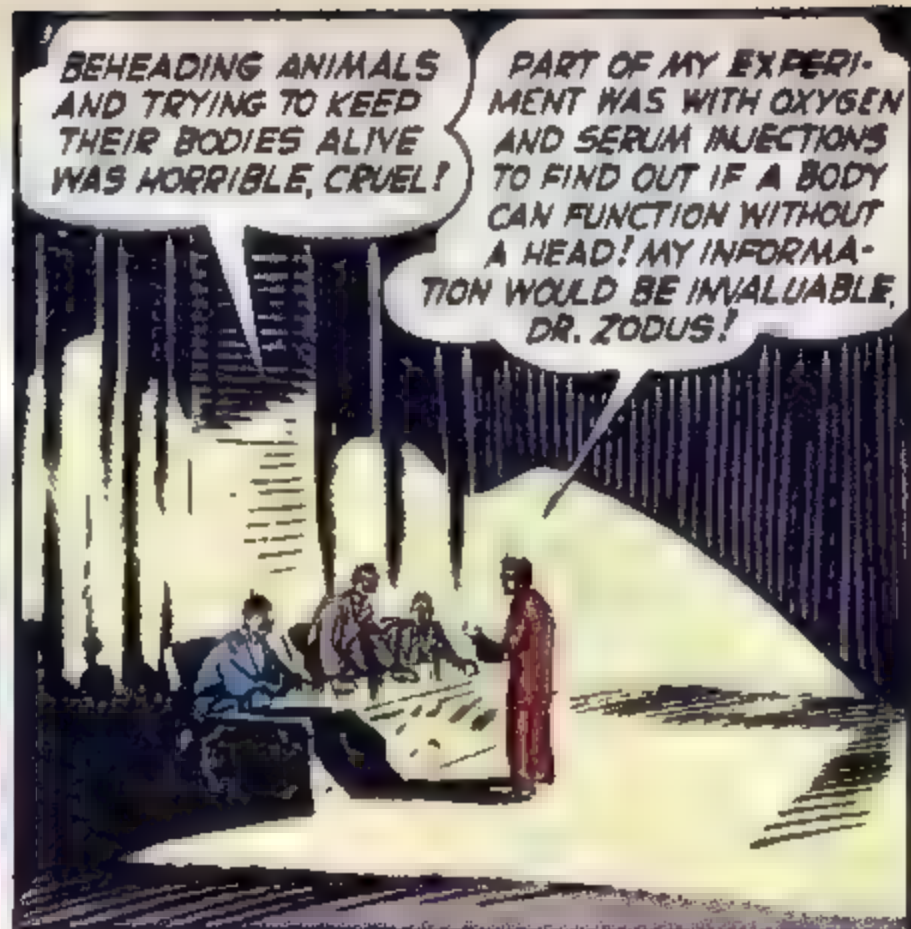
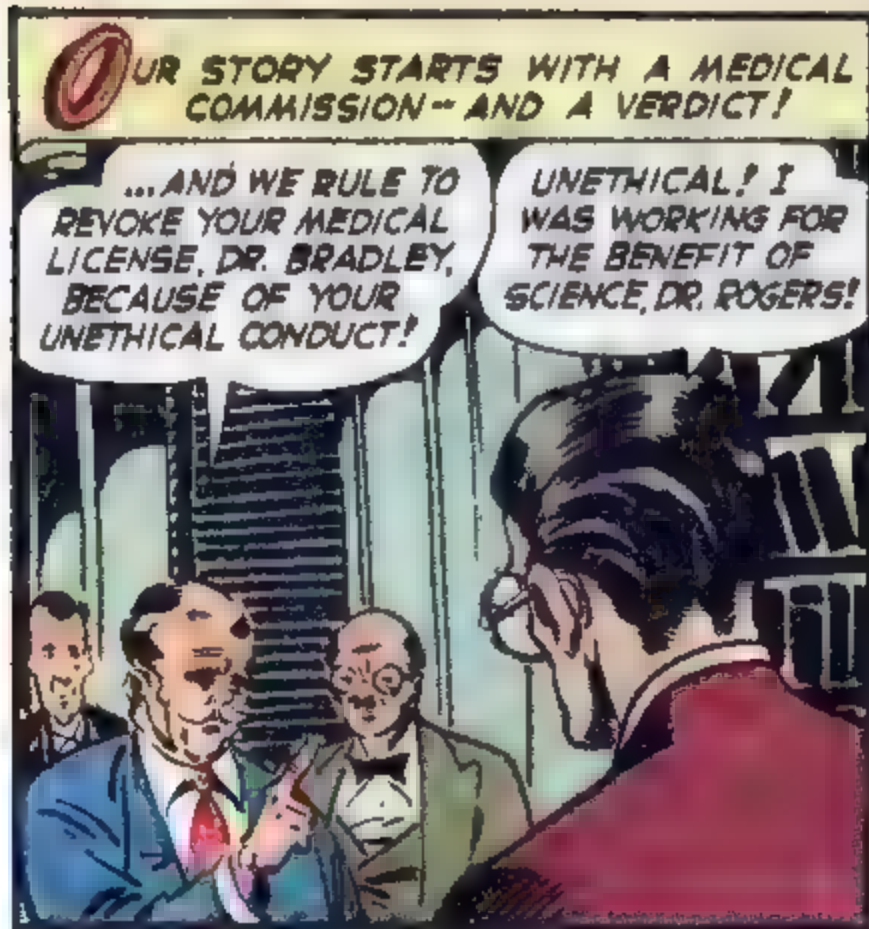
THE END

SUB-MARINER



BORN OF REVENGE--TEMPERED WITH HATE--BRED IN BLOOD--
EMERGES THE LIVING HORROR OF A MADMAN'S SCIENCE!
AND WITH THIS STRANGE BEING OF HUMAN FLESH COMES
MURDER-- A BAFFLING MYSTERY THAT PLUNGES THE
MIGHTY SUBMARINER INTO A STARTLING, THRILL-JAMMED
BATTLE--MATCHING BRAIN AND BRAWN AGAINST--

"The Headless Killer!"



I WAS CURIOUS
ENOUGH TO--GOOD
LORD! A HEADLESS
MAN!

AND ALIVE--ALIVE IN
THE CAGE EVER SINCE
I BEHEADED HIM!

COME OUT, MY GOOD FELLOW! I'VE PRE-
SERVED HIS VOICE BOX, TRAINED HIS
MOTIONS AND THINKING! HE'S READY TO
EMBARK ON AN ERRAND OF DEATH AGAINST
MY ENEMIES--AND YOU, KENYON, WILL
TELL THE WORLD THAT
I, THE GREAT BRADLEY,
HAVE ACHIEVED THIS!

NO, YOU
CAN'T!

HALF HOUR LATER
TWO FRIENDS MEET...

NAHOM, YOU SAID YOU'D
ATTEND THE MEDICAL DINNER
WITH ME WHILE I COVERED
THE STORY... BUT YOU'RE NOT
DRESSED FOR...

SORRY, BETTY,
WHEN I HEARD
IT WAS SOUP AND
FISH DRESS-UP--
NIX!

I'LL SWIM AROUND
AND MEET YOU AFTER
THE... SAY, GAL!

COME ON,
SUBBY, TAKE
YOUR DIP IN
THE HOTEL POOL!
THEN I'LL BE SURE
YOU'RE AROUND LATER!

...AND NOW WE WILL HEAR
FROM DR. ROGERS OF THE
MEDICAL COMMISSION... UH,
WHERE IS DR. ROGERS?

HE WAS
CALLED TO
THE PHONE!

While IN A QUIET
CORRIDOR...

THE OPERATOR SAID THE
PARTY HUNG UP... I'LL
DASH BACK TO THE BANQUET...
OH, WHAT'S THAT?

OH! OH NO!

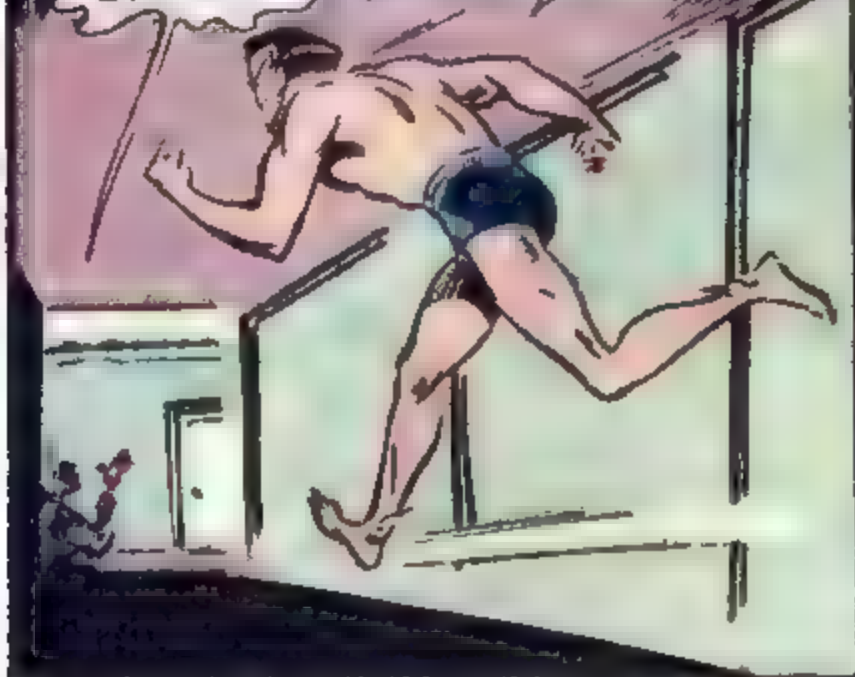


MIGHTY FIGURE HEARS
THE CRY...



HELP!
GASP!

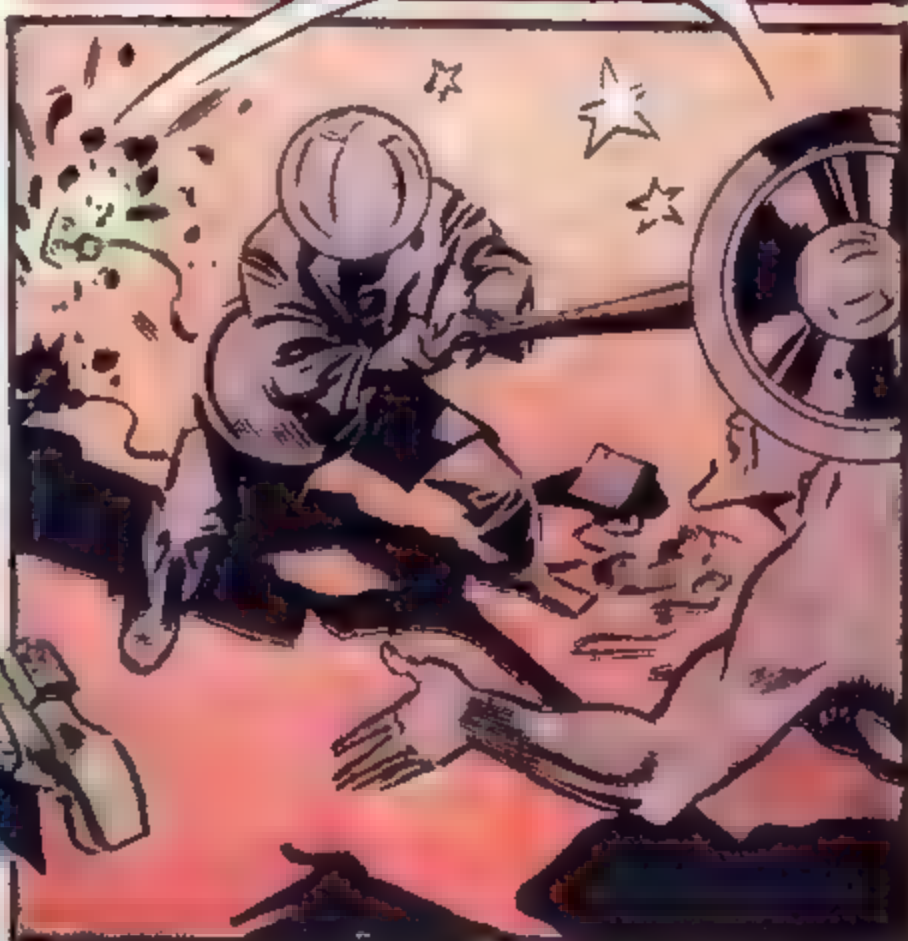
I'LL BLAST
THAT KILLER!



HAW!



THAT TIES
YOU!



As

SUBMARINER
COMES OUT
OF THE
CRASHING
BLOW.....

HE'S BEEN
STRANGLER!
WHO? WHAT?

I SAW A TERRIBLE CREATURE!
A HEADLESS MAN! HE WAS
RUNNING OUT THE DOOR! THE
LEFT CORRIDOR!

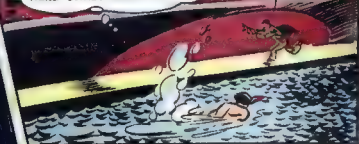
THE RIVER SIDE!
I'M ON MY WAY!



THE DOOR HE WENT OUT OF
LEADS TO THE RIVER WALK!
THE REST IS WALLED UP! I'LL
SWIM ALONG THE SHORE--MAY-
BE CATCH UP TO THAT--THAT
CREATURE?

NO SOAP! THAT FIEND GOT AWAY--
MAYBE SCALED THE WALL AT
THAT--A MAN WITHOUT A--MM,
HERE COMES SOMEONE!

POLICE!
MURDER!



BRADLEY BEHEADED
THE MAN AND KEPT
HIM ALIVE?

BRADLEY HELD ME PRISON-
ER, GUN OVER ME, WHILE
HE SENT IT OUT TO KILL
ROGERS! BRADLEY INTENDED
RELEASING ME LATER TO TELL EVERY-
ONE ABOUT HIS WORK, BUT I JUMPED
HIS GUN AND ESCAPED BEFORE... I
HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO....



IT IS TOO LATE! BUT PERHAPS
I CAN STILL NAB BRADLEY!
WHERE'S HIS PLACE?

11 HILL
STREET!



A
MOMENT
LATER!

BRADLEY'S GONE...
PLACE CLEARED OUT!
BUT WHAT'S THAT NOTE?

TO THE
POLICE!



TO THE POLICE!

NO DOUBT KENYON TOLD YOU I WAS HERE! HE BETRAYED ME BY LEAVING AHEAD OF TIME. BUT I'LL MAKE A SAFE GETAWAY--AND--THE HEADLESS MAN WILL STRIKE AT THE BETRAYER TONIGHT! BRADLEY

SOON AFTER KENYON ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE, AND...

THIS NOTE MUST MEAN I'M GOING TO BE MURDERED NEXT! HE REFERS TO ME AS THE BETRAYER!

SUPPOSE I OCCUPY YOUR APARTMENT! I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO MEET MR. HEAD-LESS MAN AGAIN!

That NIGHT...

TWO HOURS--AND NOTHING YET! IF I HAD SOME IDEA WHERE BRADLEY COULD BE HIDING OUT NOW--MAYBE KENYON, HAVING BEEN HIS ASSISTANT, HAS SOME DATA ABOUT HIS HABITS! I'LL LOOK THROUGH KENYON'S DESK...

CREEPING CRAWFISH! THIS MEMO TO KENYON--WRITTEN SOME MONTHS AGO--EASY ENOUGH FOR KENYON TO FORGET THIS IN HIS OWN PERIL! BUT IF BRADLEY CONSIDERS ZODUS A JUDAS--A BETRAYER--

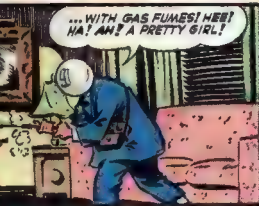
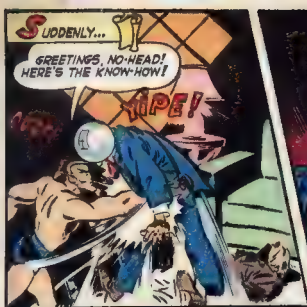
Kenyon: I won't be at the lab tomorrow. I have an appointment with that Judas Dr. Zodus

BRADLEY'S NOTE WAS POSSIBLY MEANT TO MISLEAD, TO PUT US ON GUARD ABOUT KENYON WHILE HE STRIKES ELSEWHERE! ZODUS' HOUSE SHOULD BE RIGHT AROUND HERE!

YES! BUT DR. ZODUS IS NOT GOING TO LIVE THERE VERY LONG!

YOU TOO WILL PAY FOR TAKING BRADLEY'S MEDICAL LICENSE!

AGHH!



RIGHT TO THE WATER! THE KILLER MUST HAVE ESCAPED BY BOAT! WELL, WATER'S MY HOME!



A LAUNCH--IT'S PUTTING ON MORE SPEED THAN A NORMAL CRUISING CRAFT! AND ITS RIDING LIGHTS ARE OFF! I CAN'T OVERLOOK ANYTHING! BETTER TO INVESTIGATE...



ON BOARD--SHORTLY AFTER...

HA! I SHALL DRINK TO MY FAME! HUH! WHAT'S THAT?

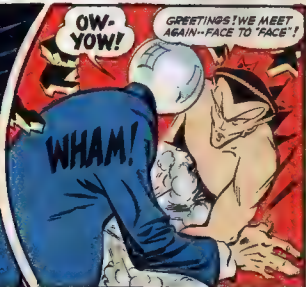
CRASH!



OW-YOW!

GREETINGS! WE MEET AGAIN--FACE TO "FACE"!

WHAM!



AND NOW--YOU! WHERE'S HELEN ZODUS? IF YOU'VE KILLED HER TOO!

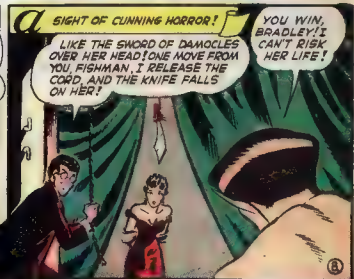
SHE'S ALIVE-- BUT IF YOU TAKE ONE STEP NEARER, IT WILL BE HER FINISH! JUST PUSH THAT CURTAIN ASIDE--- AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

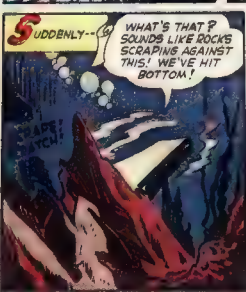
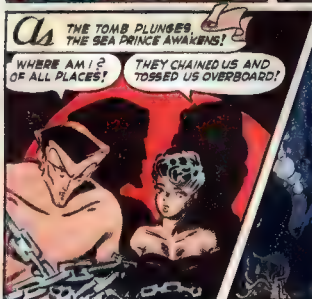
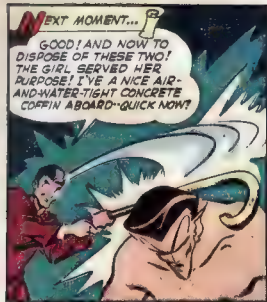


A SIGHT OF CUNNING HORROR!

LIKE THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES OVER HER HEAD! ONE MOVE FROM YOU, FISHMAN, I RELEASE THE CORD, AND THE KNIFE FALLS ON HER!

YOU WIN, BRADLEY! I CAN'T RISK HER LIFE!





MUSTERING HIS LAST RESERVE OF STRENGTH, NAMOR TIPS THE COFFIN--- AND HITS SHARP ROCK!

IT'S DONE SOME DAMAGE!
WATER'S COMING IN!

The TOUCH OF WATER--AND AN INSTANT REVIVAL OF THE SEA PRINCE'S MIGHT!

IT'S A CINCINCH TO BREAK OUT NOW!
HOLD YOUR BREATH AND HANG ON!
WE'LL BE ON THE SURFACE IN
NO-TIME FLAT!

ALL RIGHT NOW? I'VE
BROUGHT YOU TO A
COAST GUARD STATION!

THANKS FOR SAVING
ME! BUT MY POOR
FATHER--IF HIS
DEATH COULD BE
AVENGED....

HE HAD JUST
PERFECTED A CHEM-
ICAL FORMULA HE SAID
WOULD BE A REAL
STRIDE FORWARD!

HIS MURDER WILL
BE AVENGED, HELEN.
I PROMISE THAT!
BOYS, SEE THAT
THIS YOUNG LADY
GETS SAFELY HOME!

ANY MORE
NEWS ABOUT
THE HEADLESS
KILLER?

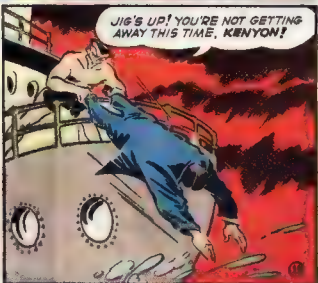
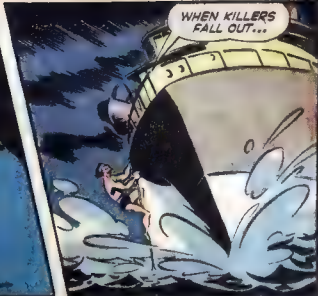
WE WERE JUST
RADIOED A REPORT
HE STRUCK AGAIN!
KILLED DR. LOGAN,
3RD MEMBER OF THE
COMMISSION THAT RULED
AGAINST BRADLEY! THE
POLICE WERE TOO LATE!

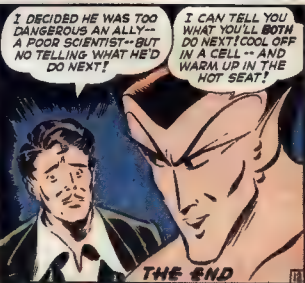
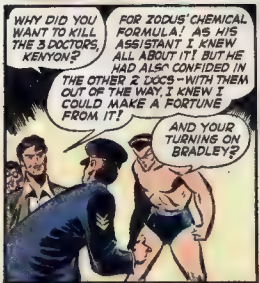
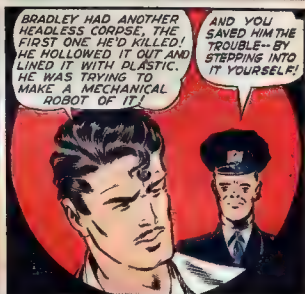
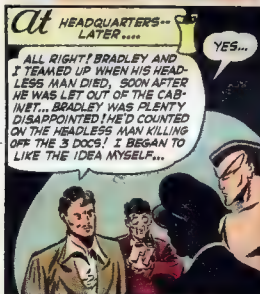
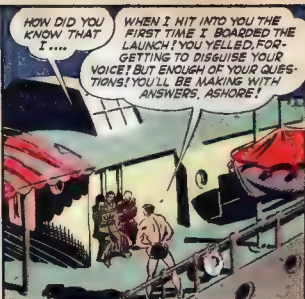
SOUNDS LIKE BRADLEY'S
REVENGE WORK IS DONE!
NOW I'VE GOT TO
FIND THAT LAUNCH!

AS THE SEA PRINCE
SEARCHES...

HA! FAME! FAME!
AND THEY SAID I HAD
NO TALENT --- I WAS
NOTHING---NOBODY!

NO BODY? THAT'S
ALL YOU HAD WAS A
BODY AND NO HEAD?
NO HEAD AT ALL!
I AM THE BRAINS!





Miss AMERICA

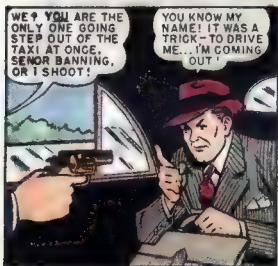
CHAPTER 1



NEW PERIL-PACKED THRILLS AWAIT THE FAMED
'MISS AMERICA'

IN THIS LATEST ADVENTURE OF INTERNATIONAL
SPY INTRIGUE -- AS CUNNING MEN AND WOMEN,
RUTHLESS IN THEIR GREED FOR POWER, PLAY A
NEW, DEADLY GAME AGAINST THE FORCES OF
DEMOCRACY!

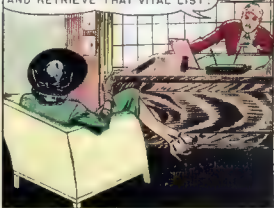
BEGIN THIS EXCITING STORY NOW!



TED BANNING, ONE OF OUR OPERATORS, HAS VANISHED HE WAS DUE TO ARRIVE FROM BUENOS AIRES BY GLIPPER, BUT NEVER EVEN BOARDED THE PLANE! BANNING WAS ON A VITAL MISSION HE HAD OBTAINED THE NAMES OF HIGH-UP ESCAPED NAZIS LIVING THERE.

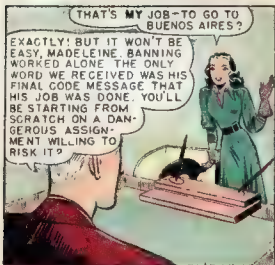


AND RIGHT HERE IN THE U.S.!--- NAZIS POSING AS RESPECTABLE AMERICANS, BUT PLOTTING WORLD WAR III! BANNING MUST HAVE MET WITH FOUL PLAY! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM, IF IT ISN'T TOO LATE ALREADY-- AND RETRIEVE THAT VITAL LIST!



THAT'S MY JOB--TO GO TO BUENOS AIRES?

EXACTLY! BUT IT WON'T BE EASY, MADELEINE. BANNING WORKED ALONE THE ONLY WORD WE RECEIVED WAS HIS FINAL CODE MESSAGE THAT HIS JOB WAS DONE. YOU'LL BE STARTING FROM SCRATCH ON A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT WILLING TO RISK IT?



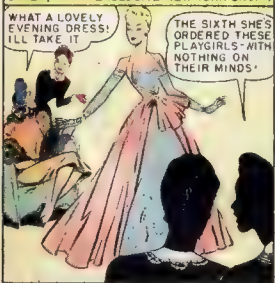
OF COURSE! I EXPECTED THAT FROM YOU! NOW, I SUGGEST YOU CAN BEST MEET PEOPLE BY TRAVELING AS A GAY WEALTHY TOURIST NO ONE MUST SUSPECT YOU'RE ALSO MISS AMERICA. GET YOURSELF A DASHING WARDROBE--AND HAPPY HUNTING!



LATER, AT AN EXCLUSIVE NEW YORK SHOP.

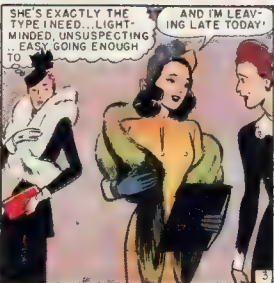
WHAT A LOVELY EVENING DRESS! I'LL TAKE IT

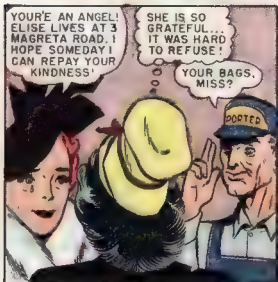
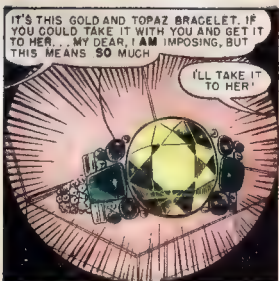
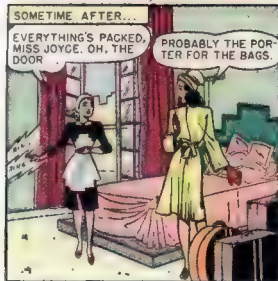
THE SIXTH SHE'S ORDERED THESE PLAYGIRLS--WITH NOTHING ON THEIR MINDS!

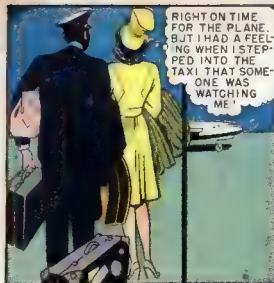


SHE'S EXACTLY THE TYPE I NEED...LIGHT-MINDED, UNSUSPECTING...EASY GOING ENOUGH TO

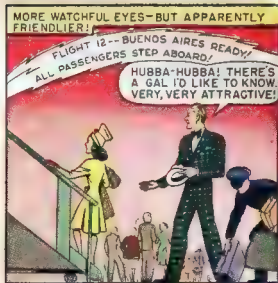
AND I'M LEAVING LATE TODAY!







RIGHT ON TIME FOR THE PLANE. BUT I HAD A FEELING WHEN I STEPPED INTO THE TAXI THAT SOMEONE WAS WATCHING ME!



MORE WATCHFUL EYES--BUT APPARENTLY FRIENDLIER!

FLIGHT 12--BUENOS AIRES READY!
ALL PASSENGERS STEP ABOARD!

HUBBA-HUBBA! THERE'S A GAL I'D LIKE TO KNOW. VERY, VERY ATTRACTIVE!



PARDON ME, YOUNG MAN... DO YOU HAVE A LIGHT?

WE'RE ON OUR WAY! THE MORE I SEE OF HER, THE MORE I...



GLAD TO KNOW YOU, I'M PETER GARR--AND TRAVELING ALONE.

THANK YOU. SINCE WE'RE FELLOW TRAVELERS, I'LL INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M JAMES ILES... THE LADY WITH ME IS MRS. ILES.

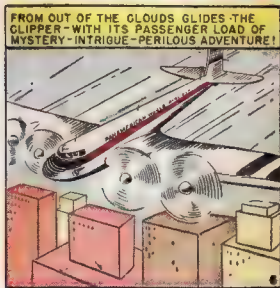
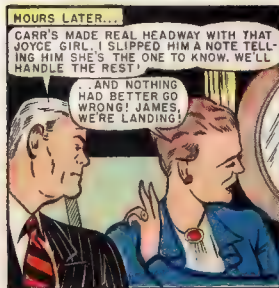


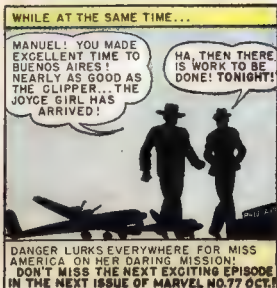
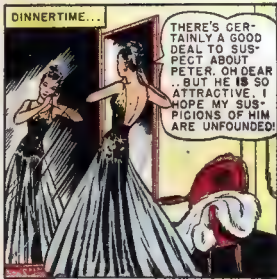
THOSE TWO ARE MEETING AS IF FOR THE FIRST TIME. YET THROUGH THIS MIRROR I SAW ILES HAND CARR A SLIP OF PAPER WHILE GETTING A LIGHT. I SHOULD MEET THESE PEOPLE.



ONE WAY TO START THINGS ROLLING..

OH--MY LIPSTICK!





KING NEPTUNE'S JUSTICE

THE third mate smiled faintly as he watched the group below him. It was a hot, sunny day in the tropics and they were all dressed gaily in colorful shirts and brightly-colored slacks. Tomorrow the ship would cross the equator and everyone was getting ready for the program that was to take place. The Shellbacks, those who had crossed the equator before, would be in charge of initiating the Pollywogs, the passengers who were crossing it for the first time, and it was always a gay occasion. Tim pushed his hat back, remembering his own initiation a few years before. It had been fun but this looked as though it would be gayer than ever.

He walked out on the wing of the bridge and looked forward. It was a big ship and a new one. The passenger list was studded with famous names and all of them were wealthy. It was a carefree, fun-loving crowd. He looked up as the second mate came out on the bridge.

"Okay, Tim, you can go back to your social life now!" he chuckled. "I like these people fine but it's a relief to get up here where it's quiet for a change! Are you all ready for the initiation tomorrow? You're in charge, you know!"

"Yeh, you guys got out of that pretty!" Tim grouched. "Just because I'm junior officer, I'm let in for all the grief! Oh, well, I get a kick out of it!"

Jansen looked after Tim and chuckled. The detail would take a lot of work but it was all part of the life aboard a luxury liner.

Tim walked down the ladder to A deck and lifted his hand to his cap at some people who nodded to him. Tim chuckled at their discomfort. They all knew that he was arranging King Neptune's reception but some of

them were a little fearful as to how far things would go. The shellbacks told gruesome stories of initiations at which they had been present, and though most of the lubbers scoffed, a few of them had private misgivings.

He turned into the lounge and found a large group awaiting his arrival. These were the shellbacks, his assistants, and they were there to make the final plans for the following day. Tim took his uniform cap off and smiled at the group. Some of them he knew from previous trips but he knew that all of them would cooperate in making the occasion a success.

"All of you know what you have to do, more or less," he began. "You, sir, are King Neptune and know what you'll have to do, having done it before!" Pointing to another. "And, you are Davy Jones, keeper of the locker. The rest of you will be deputized as my assistants. We'll have to chase the bashful customers and see that no one is neglected! You're all old salts now, so we won't have any trouble!"

"Aye, aye, cap'n!" Davy Jones answered. "One question... Are the costumes ready?"

"You'll all draw your gear tomorrow morning before the activities start," Tim answered. "The program will start early tomorrow morning!"

The next morning at about ten the ship coasted to a halt in the water. Over the ship's public address system came the announcement. "Stand by to repel boarders!" King Neptune and his party paraded out on the bridge and took the ship over in a formal ceremony. The Jolly Roger, official flag of the sea god, was raised and the ship's colors were hauled down. The ceremony was officially under way.

Tim and his policemen went to work. Passengers ran down passageways, laughing, and

Tim dispatched his men after them in groups. He consulted a list of Pollywogs in his hand and beckoned to three pirates hurrying by.

"Go down to C deck and round up everyone you find down there, me hearties!" he ordered. The three salts looked at one another doubtfully.

"C deck! Where's that, downstairs?" one questioned.

"Nah," another said. "That's upstairs, stupid! C'mon, let's go!"

Tim laughed as they went down the passageway. It took all kinds, he thought. Then he shrugged and turned back to the business at hand. His assistants were everywhere, dressed in pirate clothes, bandanas around their heads and black masks covering the upper halves of their faces. A murderous-looking bunch, but everyone was laughing as they were ducked and mauled. One was just getting an application of eggs and coal oil as he was dumped into the tank for the final stage of the initiation.

Tim was still laughing when a woman's scream cut through the uproar. He wheeled but then stopped and chuckled. Probably one of the passengers who thought it was a little too realistic to be fun. Then, another scream, and Tim turned and ran down the passageway on C deck. It was just possible that something was wrong and Tim, as a ship's officer, knew it was his duty to find out what the trouble was. He turned a corner and ran into a woman running in the opposite direction. At the sight of Tim she cowered back against a wall and screamed again. Tim pushed the mask up on his forehead and leaned his wooden sword against the wall.

"A-are you one of them?" she moaned. "If you are . . . Oh, thank heaven, it's a ship's officer! I've been robbed . . . three men dressed just as you are came into my room and took all of my jewels! One of them put his sword to my throat and said I'd be a . . . uh . . . goner if I made a noise! Please do something!"

Tim wheeled and dashed for the bridge. He grabbed the second mate and gave him swift, concise directions, then ran for the deck

where the initiation was taking place. He had just gotten there when the ship's public address system blared an announcement.

"King Neptune commands that all of his doughty deputies be present at the Mighty Monarch's throne, immediately!" King Neptune looked startled as Tim came around behind him and whispered in his ear.

"You have been summoned here," he began, "because a crime has been committed on the high seas and it naturally falls within my jurisdiction! Prosecutor, take over!"

Tim stepped forward and looked at the laughing deputies gathered in front of him. He scanned them carefully, then pointed to three men.

"You . . . you . . . and you! Step out!" he barked. Four of the ship's crew appeared at the third mate's side and frisked the men. Tim grabbed one and, running his hands around the man's waist, brought out a necklace while the seamen came up with rings and earrings. The seamen produced handcuffs and roughly secured the hands of the prisoners. The spectators laughed nervously. King Neptune rose and pounded heavily on the deck with his staff.

"Shellbacks and Pollywogs!" he boomed. "I want you all to know that you've just witnessed as clever a piece of detective work as I've ever seen! That arrest you just witnessed was *not* part of the ceremonies. It was real and those men now being marched to the ship's brig were apprehended after the daring robbery of a passenger's jewels!"

The ship's captain stepped out and grasped Tim's hand. He clapped Tim on the shoulder and turned to the crowd. "I'm sure that everyone here is just as curious as I am to know how you knew the identity of the thieves so quickly?"

"It wasn't hard, captain!" Tim laughed. "When a couple of my deputies who are supposed to be old salts said 'downstairs' for 'below' and 'upstairs' for 'topside,' I naturally became suspicious, especially when they're supposed to have been to sea before!"

THE END

YOUNG ALLIES



THE YOUNG ALLIES START ON A PLEASURE CRUISE AND END UP BATTLING FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST AN UNKNOWN TERROR! ON A TINY ISLAND OFF THE COAST, THEY STUMBLE ON A SPINE-CHILLING NAMELESS HORROR AS THEY ARE STALKED BY THE...

**"MAD MONSTER
of the ISLAND!"**

THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE OUT SAILING IN THEIR OWN HOME-MADE SAILBOAT!

SAILING! SAILING! ♪
OVER THE BOUNDING
MAIN.



HARD APOBT, MEN! THAT
MEANS LEFT, IN CASE
YOU DON'T KNOW IT!

OKAY!
...ER...
I MEAN
AYE
AYE,
SIR!

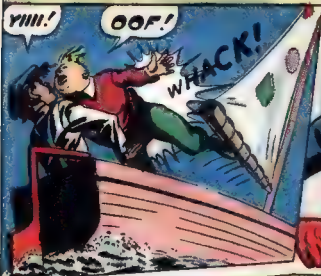


BUT THE BOYS ARE NOT AS GOOD SAILORS AS THEY THINK!

YIII!

OOF!

WHACK!

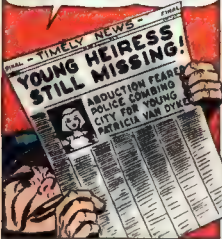


A FINE BUNCH OF SAILORS
YOU ARE! WELL, I'VE GOT
'ER UNDER CONTROL NOW!

AW, DIS SAIL-
IN, STUFF
IS DA BUNK!



DON'T BODDER ME ANY-
MORE WHILE I READ DA
FUNNIES IN DA PAPER!



BUT MORE TROUBLE COMES TO THE AMATEUR YACHTSMEN!

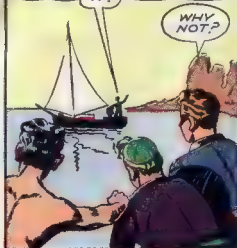
WE
SPRUNG
A LEAK!

I KNEW IT!
WHY DIDN'T
WE STAY ON
DRY LAND?

GOSH, WE'D
BETTER HEAD
FOR THAT
ISLAND!



HEY, BOYS! THAT'S DEVIL'S ISLAND! DON'T GO NEAR IT!



WHY NOT?

THE BOYS HEAR A STRANGE, GRIM WARNING FROM THE FISHERMAN!

FOLKS SAY THERE'S A MONSTER ON THE ISLAND! YE CAN HEAR IT ROAR! IT'S SURE DEATH TO STAY THERE! WE'LL SEND THE COAST-GUARD TO PICK YE UP!



MONSTER! HU! JUST AN OLD SUPERSTITION, I SUPPOSE!

SURE! BESIDES, WE HAD TO LAND AND FIX THIS LEAK!



DERE AIN'T NO MONSTER ON DIS ISLAND!

(GULP)... LOOK! A F-FOOTPRINT... LIKE A MONSTER WOULD MAKE!



ROARRRRRRRRRR

HOLY SMOKE!

LISTEN! IS TH-THAT A ROAR?

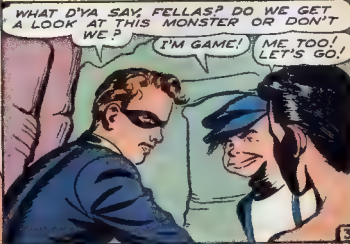


BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES FRIGHTENED! THEN THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE SWEEPS OVER THEM, AND...

WHAT D'YA SAY, FELLAS? DO WE GET A LOOK AT THIS MONSTER OR DON'T WE?

I'M GAME!

ME TOO! LET'S GO!



BUT STALKING THE MONSTER, THEY COME UPON A DIFFERENT MENACE!

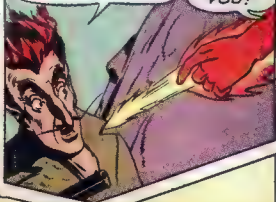
HEY, YA PUNKS! GET OFF THIS ISLAND!

HOLY MACKEREL! DEVIL DAN, THE BIG-SHOT CROOK! I SAW HIS PICTURE ONCE, IN THE ROGUE'S GALLERY!



OH, YA KNOW ME, EH? THEN YA CAN'T LEAVE THE ISLAND...
YEOWWWW!

SHOOT US DOWN IN COLD BLOOD, WOULD YOU?



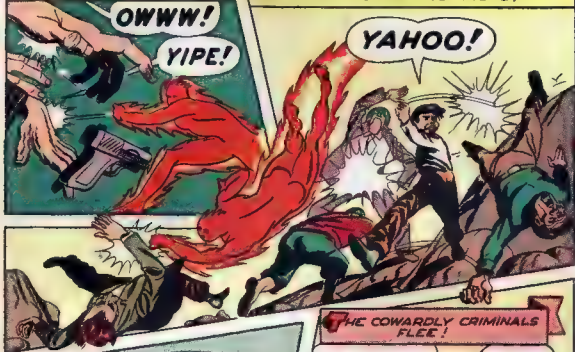
THE FLAME-BOY MAKES THE DESPERADOES DROP THEIR OVERHEATED WEAPONS!

AND THE YOUNG ALLIES FOLLOW UP WITH THUNDERING FISTS!

OWWW!

YIPE!

YAHOO!



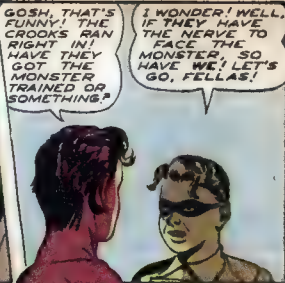
THE COWARDLY CRIMINALS FLEE!

THE KIDS ARE POISON! RUN FOR IT!

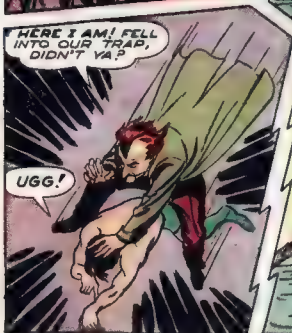
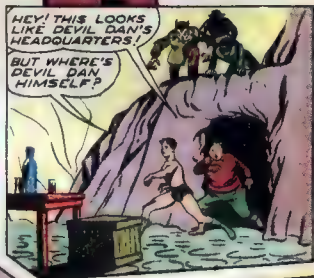
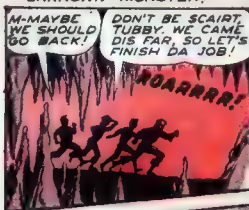
AFTER THEM!

DEVIL DAN HIDING OUT ON DEVIL'S ISLAND! WON'T THE POLICE BE TICKLED TO HAVE THAT INFORMATION!





AND BRAVELY, THE YOUNG ALLIES INVADE THE SHUDDERY DEN OF THE UNKNOWN MONSTER!



INTO THE PRISON ROOM WITH THEM!

ANOTHER SURPRISE MEETS THE BOYS HERE!

A BOIL! WHO IS SHE?

I'M PATRICIA VAN DYKE!

THE KIDNAPED HEIRESS! SO DEVIL DAN PULLED THAT JOB!

YEAH! I SENT A RANSOM NOTE! THEY'LL PAY UP TONIGHT! I'M GONNA GO AND COLLECT LATER! NOBODY KNOWS THIS IS MY HIDEOUT, EXCEPT YOU!

BUT YA AIN'T GONNA LIVE TO TELL IT! THESE LIZARDS ARE POISONOUS! YA'LL ALL DIE-- THE GIRL TOO! THEY WON'T GET HER BACK TO SQUEAL ON ME!

EEK!

OUT WE GO NOW!

C'MON, FELLAS! LET'S GET DEVIL DAN!

WE'RE ALL SUNK IF THE LIZARDS REACH US! TORO...

I'M FLAMING! THIS PLACE IS DRYER THAN THE OTHER CAVE! NOW TO SHRIVEL UP THESE BABIES INTO A CINDER!

NOW TONIGHT, WHEN IT'S DARK, WE COLLECT THE RANSOM AT THE DOCKS...

BOSS.. LOOK!
THE KIDS
ESCAPED!

VENGEFULLY, THE YOUNG ALLIES
PILE INTO THE CRIMINAL GANG!

HANDS OFF, BOYS! DEVIL DAN
IS MINE... EXCLUSIVE!

GHAAA!

OH, YOU
WONDER-
FUL
BOYS!

THAT'S THAT!
BUT, HEY... WAIT!
WE FORGOT ALL
ABOUT THE
MONSTER! WHERE
IS IT?

BUCKY MAKES AN ASTOUNDING
REVELATION!

THERE WAS NO
MONSTER AT
ALL, FELLAS!
SEE? THEY
ONLY USED
THIS SIREN
TO MAKE
THE "ROAR"!

AND THEY USED
THIS THING TO
MAKE THE "FOOT-
PRINTS" ALL OVER
THE ISLAND! THEY
WERE JUST PLAY-
ING UP THE OLD
LEGEND OF THIS
ISLAND, TO SCARE
EVERYBODY
AWAY!

LATER, WHEN THE COAST GUARD ARRIVES...

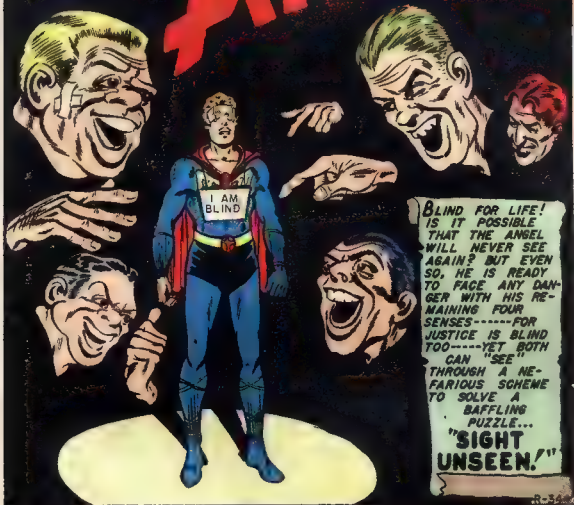
GOOD WORK, BOYS!
YOU CAPTURED
DEVIL DAN
AND HIS
GANG!

THEY ALSO RESCUED
ME! WHAT GALLANT
BOYS!

AW... ER... IT
WAS NOTHING!

THE END

THE ANGEL



R-34

IN THE ANGEL'S APARTMENT----

I'VE KNOWN CAPTAIN CARTER FOR YEARS, AND HE'S AS SQUARE AS THEY COME! I BETTER TAKE A RUN OUT TO HIS HOUSE AND SEE WHAT THIS MEANS!

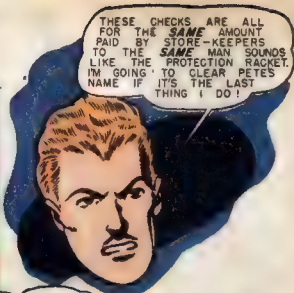
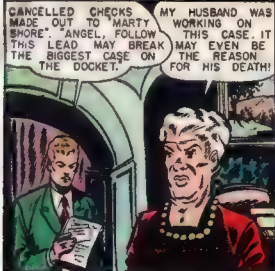


LATER----

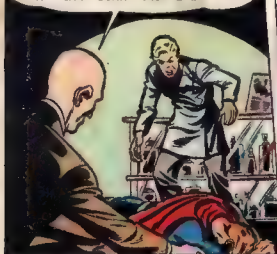
--AND THEY THINK THAT HE WAS GIVING PROTECTION TO SOME BIG-TIME CROOK. HE LEFT THIS IN CASE ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO HIM. IT'S FOR YOU.

ME? WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE?





QUICK! HAND ME A BASE LIQUID TO NEUTRALIZE THIS ACID BEFORE IT CAN BURN HIS EYES OUT!



HURTS---- JUST HOW BAD IS IT?

CAN'T SAY, BUT A WEEK WILL TELL THE STORY. BETTER GET A GOOD DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY!

I CALLED FOR THE POLICE AND AN AMBULANCE!



LATER---

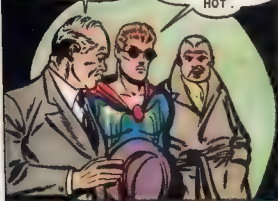
FORTUNATELY, THE DRUGGIST ACTED QUICKLY. BUT IT WILL TAKE A WEEK BEFORE I'LL KNOW IF YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN!

CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG! VISION OR NOT, I'M GOING AFTER THAT MOB!



THIS IS MIKE QUILLIGAN ON THE OTHER ARM, ANGEL. GOOD FRIEND OF THE DEPARTMENT. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT EASY A WEEK?

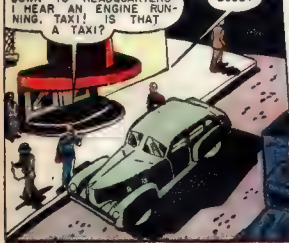
NO GOOD. THOSE PUNKS GRABBED SOME CHECKS, BUT I HAVE OTHERS AND I'M STRIKING WHILE THE IRON'S HOT.



THE NEXT DAY---

I'M GOING TO RUN DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS I HEAR AN ENGINE RUNNING. TAXI! IS THAT A TAXI?

YEAH, THIS IS A TAXI! HOP IN, BUDDY



THIS IS A GUN, WISE-GUY, SO NO SQUAWKS. GET IN HERE AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

WHAT TH----! I GUESS I WALKED RIGHT INTO A TRAP!



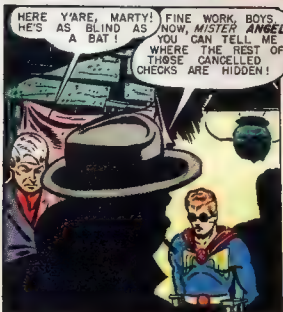
MINUTES LATER-----

I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I CAN REMEMBER DETAILS! THREE RIGHT TURNS, THE SMELL OF SWAMPS. THEN A BRIDGE ABOUT A HALF MILE LONG FOLLOWED BY A STRETCH OF CONCRETE HIGHWAY---NOW THIS TURN!

WE'VE BEEN TRAVELING ABOUT 45 MINUTES. CAN SMELL SALT AIR---AND T-THIS M-MUST BE A C-C-CORDUROY R-ROAD!

THEN

COME ON! GET OUTA THERE



HERE Y'ARE, MARTY! HE'S AS BLIND AS A BAT!

FINE WORK, BOYS. NOW, MISTER ANGEL, YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE THE REST OF THOSE CANCELLED CHECKS ARE HIDDEN!



I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TIME--- WHOEVER YOU ARE---OW!

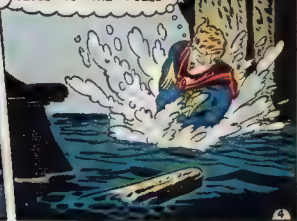
BAH! TOSS HIM IN THE BAY! NO ONE WILL MISS HIM AND WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO FIND THE CHECKS!

MOMENTS LATER---

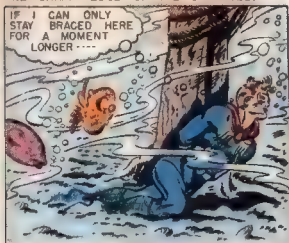
WON'T HE NEED A WEIGHT ON HIS FEET TO KEEP HIM DOWN?

NAW! HE'LL FLOAT ON HIS FACE AND DROWN. THE TIDE WILL CARRY HIM AWAY FROM HERE!

UHH! BARNACLES ON THOSE PILINGS---MAYBE I CAN PUT THEM TO USE IF I CAN STAY CLOSE TO THE POLES!



FIGHTING AGAINST THE TIDE WITH LUNGS
STRAINING FOR AIR, THE ANGEL DESPER-
ATELY RUBS HIS BOUND WRISTS INTO
THE SHARP EDGE OF THE BARNACLES----



THEN----

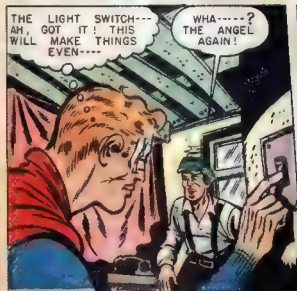
MADE IT! THAT AIR SMELLS
GOOD! WHAT'S THIS? MUST
BE A SMALL LANDING
PIER UNDER THE DOCK!



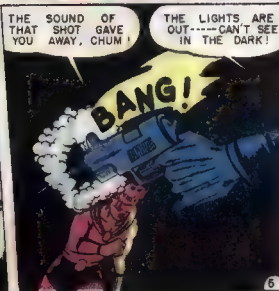
OKAY,
MARTY!

HE MUST
BE MARTY
SHORE, THE
GUY I'M
AFTER!
SOMEHOW
HIS VOICE
SOUNDS
FAMILIAR!

AS SOON AS THE
GANG LEAVES--



WHA-----?
THE ANGEL
AGAIN!



THE LIGHTS ARE
OUT-----CAN'T SEE
IN THE DARK!

BANG!



THE ANGEL GROPES FOR THE PHONE, FINDS IT, AND...

BUT BEFORE THE POLICE CAN ARRIVE...

TAKE THE HIGHWAY WEST, MAKE THREE RIGHT TURNS, PASS THE SWAMPS OVER A BRIDGE ONTO A HIGHWAY, A SHARP TURN OVER A CORDUROY ROAD TO A BAY!

WHY, THAT'S THE OLD ROUTE TO THE SEA FOOD INN! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, ANGEL!

WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS? HEY, JOE, WHERE ARE YOU?

HE'S OUT FOR THE MOMENT, GENTLEMEN! CAN I HELP YOU?

IT'S THE ANGEL!

IN PERSON- AND READY TO RECEIVE YOU PROPERLY!



MIKE QUILLIGAN!
WHAT ARE **YOU**
DOING HERE?

ARREST THAT MAN,
DICKENSON. THIS IS
MY PLACE AND HE
CAME IN HERE AND
TRIED TO KILL
US ALL.

SO THAT'S
WHO HE IS!

ONE OF THESE GUYS
IS MARTY SHORE, THE
ONE WHO'S BEEN RUN-
NING THE PROTECTION
RACKET IN THE CITY.
MAKE THEM HOLD OUT
THEIR HANDS, PALMS
DOWN AND I'LL IDENTIFY
HIM.

OKAY, ANGEL.
YOUR WORD IS
GOOD WITH ME.
GO AHEAD,
YOU HEARD
HIM!

MARTY SLAPPED ME AND
CUT MY CHEEK WITH HIS
RING. AH! THIS IS IT!

BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE--
HE'S MIKE
QUILLIGAN!
DID THE
DEPARTMENT
A LOT OF
FAVORS!

SURE, WHEN
EVER HE
THOUGHT HE
COULD GET
SOMETHING
OUT OF IT!
BUT CARTER
FOUND HIM
OUT AND
HAD TO BE
RUBBED OUT!

FURTHERMORE,
HE WAS THE
ONLY ONE
EXCEPT THE
POLICE THAT
KNEW I HAD
THE BAD CHECKS.
I TOLD HIM AT
THE DOCTORS
OFFICE!

TAKE 'EM
AWAY,
BOYS!

AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER----

TAKE IT EASY NOW.
OPEN YOUR EYES SLOWLY.
DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?

WAIT A MINUTE.
YES! LIGHT---
THINGS ARE
TAKING SHAPE
NOW. BLURRED---BUT
I CAN SEE! I'M NOT
BLIND!

I'M SO HAPPY FOR
YOU! I'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO THANK YOU
ENOUGH FOR CLEAR-
ING PETE!

I SOLVED THAT
CASE, **SIGHT**
UNSEEN. I'M
READY FOR
ANYTHING,
NOW!

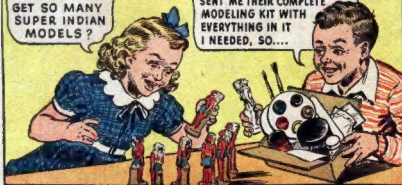
THE END

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.... I JUST PAINT THE INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT WITH LIQUID RUBBER LIKE THIS!

LOOKS EASY!

YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT?

JUST POUR KWIK-MOLD INTO IT. THEN WHEN IT DRIES, I REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT MAKE A CAST OF THE INDIAN?

YUP—JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS ONE MOLD. SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN REPRODUCE ANYTHING WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE FUN, I'M GOING TO ORDER ME A KIT TODAY!



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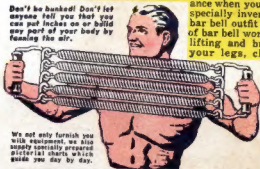
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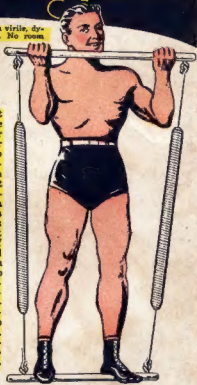
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